

AN ELEGY

Upon the Death of the Much Lamented, Able and Learned Physician

Doctor THOMSON.

Who Dyed *March* the 11th. 1677.

Vivit Post funera Virtus.

Must good men still dye first, and is there gone
That Able Learned Doctor, *George Thomson*?
A Knowing Chimist, as this Age afforded
And will in after-times stand so recorded:
The gift of Healing, Heavens did him Blesse,
What others fail'd in, he did soon redresse;
Unwearied was the pains that he did take
To make good Medicine for poor Mortals sake;
Then lets Lament, of him we are bereft,
There is but few now like him, that are left.
His solid Judgment is Philosophy,
His learned Books doth plainly testifie;
He knew most Plants, their Vertues, what they were,
And Minerals extracted with great care.
He was Experienc'd in Anatomy,
As his Dissections well can verifie;
For he it was that first a Spleen did take,
Out of a Dog a tryal for to make;
Which to the World did satisfaction give,
How that a Creature, without a *spleen* might live.
Two monstrous stones residing nigh the part
Of *Collick* Gut, he brought out by his Art;
And is admir'd by those that do them see,
How two such stones should in the Body be.
The *Plague* in sixty five, he did Dissect,
A *Pestilentian* Body with respect
To save mankind out of the Jaws of Death
That every hour was then bereav'd of Breath.
His own he hazarded, to save his Neighbours Life
For Wife her Husband, and for the Husband Wife.
The Parent, and the Child praise to God gave,
That by his means were sav'd from the Grave.
And shall we let this worthy Doctor dye,
And not bestow on him an Elegy,
His great Abilities was plainly shown,
That he was only amongst the knowing, known.
He was a Loyal sufferer for the King,
Which at that time did persecution bring.
A right good Christian liv'd, and so did die:
For that's the true (*Religio Medici*,)

His Charity unto the World was known,
His Bread was cheerfully on the Waters thrown.
Unhappy World, that never prize till when
They are deprived of such Worthy Men.
Now this good Man, must here no longer stay,
For they are taken from the Evil day.
For he is mounted up on heavenly wings
To sing forth Praises with the King of Kings.
Eas'd of his Labours, Sicknes, and his Pain,
He's now made Happy, for Death to him his gain.
What needs more words, a future World he sought,
And set the Pomp and Pride of this at naught.
Heaven was his aim, let Heaven be still their Station,
That leaves such works for others imitation.

An EPITAPH.

Here lies wrapt up within this Bed of Clay,
(Expecting for to rise at the last day :)
The Pious, Able, Learned Physitian,
And great Phylosopher Doctor Thomson.
Reader bewail, this worthy Doctors losse,
For we shall find the want of him a Crosse;
When Sicknes comes, enrag'd with fretting pain,
In vain we shall, then wish him back again.
Earth hath his Body, his Soul is gone to rest,
With his Redeemer, for ever to be blest.

With Allowance.